of Cambridge, the Queen's consin, \$60,000.

The royal family costs the British tax-pay-

The healthiest spot in the world seems to

be a little hamlet in France named Aumone.

There are only forty inhabitants, twenty-

three of whom are eighty years of age and

There are some roomy theaters in this

country, but none that comes up to the old

theater of Emilius Seavrins, at Rome.

which comfortably seated eighty thousand

It is estimated that it costs the well-to-do

people in this country \$125,000,000 annually

to support charitable institutions, while at

least \$500,000,000 are invested in permanent buildings where the needy are cared for.

Some of the native women of Australia

have a queer idea of beauty. They cut themselves with shells, keep the wounds

open for a long time, and when they heal

huge scars are the result. These scars are

In the attempt to obtain a supply of fresh

water on Galveston island an artesian well

has been sunk 3.070 feet and 9 inches with-

out success. The city will now sink shal-

water to the island through pipes.

lower wells on the main land and bring the

There is a house in Reading, England, in which one family has lived for four hun-

dred years. Strangely enough, it has never

been owned by the family, but has always been held on a lease, which has been re-

The statistics of life insurance people show that in the last twenty-five years the

cent., or two whole years, from 41.9 to 48.9

years. Woman's life average has mproved

even more than this, from 41.9 to 45.8 years,

When an Egyptian dog wishes to drink at the Nile he goes a short distance up the

river and howls for some time. The croco-

diles, being attracted by the sound, im-mediately crowd to the place, while the

dog hastily runs to the part which the crocodiles have left, and drinks in safety.

In 1889-90 12,686,973 pupils were enrolled

in the elementary and secondary public schools of the Nation. In 1880 there were but 9,867,565. The average daily attendance

public schools, in 1890, the sum of \$140,274.-

484 was appropriated, or an expenditure of

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Kept Her Word.

Husband-I remember the time when you

said you wouldn't marry the best man on

Means to an End.

"Understand you are teaching physical culture, Miss De Bootop."

"Oh, ves. I was bound to be recognized

by good society if not in one way then an-

A Boy's Good Time.

"Did Fred enjoy his foot-ball game yes-

"You just bet he did. This morning he

can't see with one eye and three of his ribs

Why the Show Was Delayed,

Temperance Lecturer-What is the mat-

Manager-We can't get a drop of liquor in the whole town, and the Horrible Exam-

True Economy.

Friend-Why do you wear those fear-fully old-fashioned collars?

the washerwoman sends them to anybody

For a Particular Purpose.

Clerk-What size stocking do you want?

Clerk-Why. my tittle man, you can't

Solved at Last.

Mother-Dear me, are you through shop-

ping? How did you manage to get back so

Daughter (a bright girl)-I told them to

A Happy Outlook,

Newly. Made Bride-Mamma says she does not think we will ever quarrel as she

Newly Made Bride-No; she says you will

be much easier to manage than papa was.

A Half-and-Half.

Little Dick-You said you was goin' to

Little Dot-I did.
Little Dok-Well, it's raining.
Little Dot-Tisn't raining, it's only drizzling. I guess somebody else must 'a'

A Boomerang.

all I should be. I have not made the most

of my opportunities. But I love you. Will

"Acting upon your advice, my dear George," returned the fair young girl, "I

am constrained to say no. I must have a man who is worthy of me."

PENSIONS FOR VETERANS.

Residents of Indiana and Illinois Whose

Claims Have Been Allowed

Pensions have been granted the follow-

Original-George W. Stinson, William B. Kyle.

Jonas Siegrist. John Kauffman, William Harness,

Jonas Siegrist, John Kaufiman, William Harness, Tobias Gushard, Henry Schroeder, John Braun, Franklin Tenny, Isalah Fry, John H. Freeman, Silas Andrew, Lorenzo Upson, Henry Fowler, William Grose, George H. Houk, Wm. J. Lester, Wm. Hayward, Alex. H. Alderson. Additional—James H. Walker, John S. James, Artemus Haines, Benjamin M. Clark, Uriah Schwartz, Benjamin Bunch, Rufus Brown, Hartson Morehouse, John Walters, Andrew Patterson, E. Winkler, B. Ketcham, John J. Hutchlson. Renewal—Charles O. Bryan. Increase—Henry Hartman, David C. Biodgett, Martin Kistler, Audrew Bridges, John M. Scoritt, Thomas Pat-

Audrew Bridges, John M. Scoritt, Thomas Patterson, Hugh Maione, Marcus Martin, Linndus Swift, James W. Fiscus, Patrick Small, John M. Scout. Reissue-William P. Sanford, Samuel Scott, Thomas A. Bonneum, Riley Thornburg, William Miller,

William E. Biggs. Reissue and increase-Ed-

ward Gudgel. Original widows, etc.-Roxanna Anderson, Cynthia Thornburg, Anna Brugh, Lu-

cinda Corbin, Amelia Woodward, Nancy Test, Sophia Feagins, Elizabeth Alger, Rhoda M. Huls, Joseph H. Collins, William Zook, Jane Banta, Anna Abeggden, Matilda Waters, Catherine Willhide, Sarah Milheland, Mary J. Gilbert.

TO RESIDENTS OF ILLINOIS.

Original—John B Marrett, Charles Riley, Michael Lyman, Thomas Weich, Jonathan S. Stroup, Thomas Touland, Samuel Symes, Sam-uel A. Snell, Amos E. Robinson, John Fitzpat-

rick, Benjamin N. Anderson, Peter Ackerson, Anthony J. Swain, John Vance, William H. Perry, William Allen, John F. Waltman, William

W. Getty, David H. Law, Daniel M. Park-hurst, Marion Todd, Jacob Shockey, George Main, John G. Browning, William H. Wallace, Additional-Willis Ray, Jasper N. Maiden, John M. Johnson, James Williams, James H. Reming-

ton, Anton Herschbach, Jacob Hoffman, Henry C. Glosson, William Leard. Increase—Vardeman Wright, John F. Test. Reissue—Jacob J. Short (deceased), Alexander McAllister, James P. Hunt-

er, Isaac W. Robinson, John C. Rickey. Original widows, etc.—Dora Wilson, Catherine Short, Mary

Frank, minors of Leroy W. Free, Anna Macklin,

(mother), Malinda Stover (mother), Flora T. Duncan (mother), Mary Foster (mother), Mary

Wakefield, Sarah A. Donavan, Catherine Finne-gan, Elizabeth C. Wilson, Susan M. King, Louisa A. Blair, miner of Henry Eddy, Mary S. Dunton

(mother), Margaret L. Turner, Sarah Dolmeyer, minors of Isaac Boulton, Judy Armstrong, Lu-

He Caught On.

Who says the Chinese are not capable of

understanding the spirit of our American

institutions? Thanksgiving is still a week

distant, and yet a Harrison-avenue laun-

dryman already has a card prepared in rather picturesque fashion with these words: "No work Tursday—Turkee." Who could give a fuller and yet more terse

Western Society Note.

Boston Journal

explanationf

Kansas City Journal

"I am not worthy of you, Maud. I am not

send the change home with the goods.

Winkers (a man of affairs)-Because when

ter? Why don't you ring up?

ple is dead sober. - ban dos

else they send them back.

wear a larger size than 4.

Groom-Never, dearest.

pray for a pleasant day to-day.

prayed for a reg'lar pour.

ing-named Indianians:

Willie-About No. 20, I guess.

Willie-These are for Christmas.

Clothier and Furnisher.

Good News.

Harper's Bazar.

and papa do.

you be mine?"

\$2.24 per capita. School property is valued

newed from generation to generation.

ings of the people from 1783 to 1857.

persons. It was built 1.950 years ago.

one is over one hundred.

deemed highly ornamental.

or more than 8 per cent.

at \$78,394,729.

Wife-Well I didn't.

Chicago News Record.

are broken."

New York Weekly.

A PAIR OF LOVERS.

The lamp was lit. The light it gave forth | and fetch uppers to-day. I'll get little was by no means proportionate to its smell, and Mrs. Casy had to hold her work close to her eyes to be quite sure she put the stitches in the right place. The click of her thimble on the needle was quite audible-it grew slower and more irregular by degrees, for the old woman was tired. She was making the "uppers" of handsewn shoes for children. It seemed as if her occupation had gradually generated in her a likeness to the material with which she worked. Her skin was tanned and of the consistency of leather-dry, and wrinkled and tough. She wore a brown stuff dress, much patched, and mended here and there with black thread. Her face was small and fiat. It seemed as if, when nature had finished making it, she had administered a slap to her yet unhardened handiwork. Mrs. Casy bad sparse gray locks which strayed from beneath the black bonnet that covered them almost as if it had been a wig, and was as persistently worn. Everything about her seemed to recede; her forehead and her chin had the gir of timidly shrinking from the front of her face; the loss of teeth caused her mouth to fall inwards, and her eyes were sunk far in the back of her head. This physiognomy was peculiar, but it was redeemed from ugliness by the exceeding charm of the expression—a charm subtle and indescribable, and arising, perhaps, from the contradictory mingling of sadness and of happiness about the eyes and mouth, and from that dignity which is sometimes seen in the very poor who are yet independent. She laid down the little shoe at length with a long-drawn sigh of relief. Her com-

panion, who had been dozing over the small fire, was apparently roused by the sigh.
"Through, Henerietta?" he inquired in a small, cheerful voice, and with an accent on what he made the second syllable of her

"Yes. my dearie. And I expect you're pinin' for your supper, aren't you?"
"A little peckish, Henerietta, a little pecksh," he answered, rubbing his hands. "And

what might there be?" He turned in the direction of her voice. He knew just where she sat, though he tifteen years.

Mrs. Casy pushed back her chair and moved toward the little table with a newspaper thrown over it, which served as their larder. She raised the paper and picked up a bloater. She was a very good woman, but, like many who live with the blind and love them, she told occasional lies and justitied herself in so doing. "Bloaters," she said.

"One apiece, Henerietta?"
"I said 'bloaters,' didn't I, Thomas," said Mrs. Casy, with easy equivocation, as she put the solitary fish on a skewer and brought it over to the little fire, above which it soon began to sputter." "Nice fleshy ones, Henerietta?"

Fat as dripping, Thomas, and soft roes Soft roes," said the old man reproach-"Why, you prefers'em bard, Heneri-

"Ther's only one with soft roe," replied Mrs. Casy, quickly, as she went back to the table to cut bread. Half way she stopped. Her face was mo-mentarily distorted by pain, and involuntarily she greaned. The quick ears of the old man heard her. He inquired immediately:
"What is it, Henerietta? Have you hurt

The old woman did not answer for a minute. She wiped her forehead with her apron. Then she said: "My corn is shoot-

"Dearie me," said her husband. "Now that is bad. You'll have to have that corn seen to, Henerietta. A pair of uppers 'ld pay for the cutting of it even. Mrs. Casy smiled a little sorrowfully. "There sin't no call," she said; "don't you

"Ah, but I have to worrit," said the old man. "You're all I've got, and you're a woman in a thousand, and you're always a-slayin' for me, and attendin' to me, and never a grumble; it's nateral I don't like yer to suffer, not even a little. In course there's suffering as the Almighty lays on us, like my eyes, as you may say, but corns could be prevented. You'll have to try a killer, Henerietta."

"There, there," said the old woman, soothingly, as she brought him his supper. He stretched out his hand, which was white and clean, and took her hard, toilhardened one, which he held against his

"I can't see you, Hetty, but it seems as if I could, and as if you've got a light in your eyes like you had when I was courtin' you. It makes my old heart beat even now when I think how you used look some of them twilightsthat's forty-six years agone! If any one had told me then I could ever have loved you more, I'd have let 'em feel my fists, but I do, Henerietta, I do: you was my sweetheart then, and now you're my wife and my guardian-angel, and my sight and my life-and my sweetheart still. And ain't it nateral I should be oneasy that you should have anythink laid on you, ever it 'twas only corns?"

"Phere, there, Thomas, said Mrs. Casy again, and she kissed him. Her eyes were full of tears, and she wired them away as furtively as if he could have seen them. "Takin' one thing along with another." continued the old fellow, as he set to work | ta?" er, from which she had re moved the bones, "we've had better times than most, Henerietta." (This remarkthe result of his ruminations-was repeated

at least once a week and had been for years.) "We sin't had no luxuries nor no amusements, but we've been that to one another, and we ain't had children, but that's left us all the more love for each other, and we sin't had no changes. You've been better for me to look at than any country fields, yet I sometimes has a pang that you ain't never seen 'em; I've heard tell they're uncommon green and pretty."
"I don't regret 'em, Thomas; I can quite imagine 'em like as if the pavement was chalked green and run into the roads."

"And the sea, too, where these 'ere bloaters come out of. They're oncommon tasty, Heneristta. I hope yours is a nice "It's quite a Tichborne," said Mrs. Casy reassuringly, as she broke off and ate a

"And the flowers all a-growin', and the sir all a-smellin' like perfooms l've heerd. as different from Whitechapel as a child's shee is from a garter. Henerietta, you

ain't eatin' your supper.' "Yes, I am, Thomas." But she had scarcely touched a morsel. She was 100 tired for one thing, and her face twitched every now and then as if she were in pain. Perhaps there was a little weariness in her voice which betrayed to her old lover the

fact that she suffered. "Have you got your boots on, Henerietta?"

"Yes, Thomas." "Take 'em off, then. There ain't no sense as per in wearin' boots in the bouse. I expec' ever.

they pinch you, and this damp weather corns always seems to swell. Take 'em off, my dear, and put on my carpets." Mrs. Casy immediately bent forward and took off her boots, They were very old and very shabby, and could scarcely have pressed the most sensitive foot.

Shortly after the supper had been finished and cleared away, they prepared for bed. Mrs. Casy undressed her husband, who was singularly helpiess even for a blind man; then she washed his hands and his face, and they knelt down side by side and said the Lord's Prayer in their old quavering voices as they had done every night and morning for all the years of their simple

This room had bounded those lives. They had always had the same occupation from their youth upwards, and their married life had been quite uneventful, with no joys except what they had made for each | that Mrs. Casy had not come back, and other, and no sorrows except poverty. They had never known actual want, and even when the old man lost his sight, it was possible for Mrs. Casy to support | washing shirts that afternoon, and singing them both. Of course, it involved self- | a music-hall song that she had heard in denial on her part, and the strain on her the streets, and the melody of which energies was greater than she realized. seemed to her entrancingly lovely. She was happy in sacrificing herself. The want of children had never been felt by the man, but in her-though she said nothgave her a certain pleasure that her husbend should lean upon her and need her, and be as dependent on her as any baby. Only at sixty-six it is not always easy to

answer every call upon one's strength and after she had fallen asleen Casy la

wakeful. He was pondering how he could help her. In the morning he said:
"Henerietta, I've been thinking that you take too much exercise. You ain't to go Bessie from next door to guide me, and

then I can bring 'em back for you." Mrs. Casy argued the point. "She en-joyed the fresh air." she said. "when she went to fetch work;" but Casy was firm. "Oh," I He declared the only condition on which he would let her go would be that she wore

was bad for Mrs. Casy's corn, no argument on her part availed. He believed it was merely her unselfishness which made her willing to go for the work herself, and that, therefore, he had a right not to let her follow her own desires. Henceforth Mrs. Casy only enjoyed such fresh air as was admitted by her little window. However, as she did not spend time going to and from the ware-house, she got through more work and was able to spare a halfpenny a week for Bessie as wages for looking after Thomas.

Still, in spite of these precantions, Mrs. Casy's corn did not seem to improve; that is to say, Casy's quick ear would sometimes catch a half-stifled groan. He had never known his wife to suffer before, and his sympathy might possibly have seemed disproportionate to the cause were it not that love justifies such exaggeration and even makes it beautiful. With few interests, and those all centered in one being, and debarred as he was even from the distraction of labor-for in doing everything for him perhaps his wife had encouraged his helplessness-it was not unnatural that he should brood on this subject. At any rate, he did apparently wonder what could be

done, for one evening he said suddenly:
"Henerietta, I've made up my mind to
give up my pipe for a spell."
"Whatever should you do that for?" inquired Mrs. Casy with surprise, for he had never made any secret of the enjoyment he got out of his small weekly allowance of

"I've been a-thinkin'," said he meditatively, "as it 'id teach me self-denial a bit, I don't think as we'd oughter be bound to our comforts." "There am't no call," said she decidedly.

in them things." "That's so," replied Casy, "but still it-it 'ld interest me to see the money accoome late a bit. If you'ld give me the pennies, I could drop 'em into a box and watch 'em 'mount up."

"It ain't as if you was selfish or bound up

"It seems to me, Thomas," Mrs. Casy remarked with undue severity (for she scented a motive in this fad of her hus-band's), "that you are deloodin' yourself. It ain't self-denial to shove a pleasure on one side and put another in its place. If you 'ld enjoy saving them pennies, you might just as well enjoy smokin' the

bacev. This wisdom appeared upanswerable and Mrs. Casy thought she had gained the day. But she was mistaken. When she gave Casy his pipe in the evening, and he began to smoke it, she was not without a thrill of triumph that her common sense had conquered, but the triumph was short lived. Casy took a few puffs, then he made a grimace, and laid down the pipe. "Henerietta," he said, "I'm off 'baccy for

"Ain't it good?" "Oh, I don't find no fault with it, but I'm off it. I don't seem to relish it. I expec' it don't agree with me over well, and nature's a-protestin'. She have that way of doin' it, I've heerd. She turns you agin what you'd oughter rejec'. Maybe, when my stomick's ready for it I shall fancy it agin." So he got his way, and the pennies ac-

cumulated, though not very fast. When there were nine of them he took them out of the box and slipped them into his pocket, Mrs. Casy being too used to seeing him play with them to notice what he did.

That day he took back some shoes and obtained materials for fresh work. He had bidden Bess look out for the chemist's shop where he had once made inquiries, and he brought back something with him which

evidently filled him with great delight,
Directly he got in he slipped it into his
wife's hand. It was a bottle of corn-killer.
"There's directions," he said, "on the
bottle, so the man explained, but I made
him go over 'em again. You applies the mixture at nights with the little brush, and after a bit you soaks your foot in hot water and it'll come off sure enough. This ain't no quack stuff off of a truck, but real genuine. It come out of a chemist's shop with regilation colored glasses, so Bess said, and a man to serve you that might have been a gent for the manner of him."

Mrs. Casy pulled the paper of the bottle with a hand that trembled slightly, and there was a queer, half-amused, half-pathetic look in her eyes as she thanked him, scolding him a little as one might scold a child that has bought a present for one's self with the penny given it for sweetmeats.

"There ain't much, I should say, from the size of it," said Casy, "but when that's gone we can manage another."
"Oh, no, no," she answered quickly; "this'll be quite enough—more than enough.

Thomas. Don't never get another bottle."
That evening, before going to bed, she pulled out the cork and prepared to use the mixture. But her method of procedure was strangely like that of the old woman who had a cough, and, being bidden to put a blister on her chest, promptly applied it to her box and left it there all night. Mrs. Casy dipped the brush in the mixture and smeared a little on a piece of rag. It gave forth a peculiar, pungent, unpleasantsmell, which the old man snifled as if it had been the odor of flowers.

"You're applyin' the mixtur', Heneriet-'Oh, yes," the old woman answered, hol ing her nose. "I'm applyin' of it, Thomas." "Do it sting?" "Not particular."

"Ab, I expec' it'll do that later on. I count it'll do you good from the smell on it; but it ain't altogether disagreeable neither, considerin'. Do you-do you think it'll go off soon, Henerietta?"

"I should hope so, Thomas," Mrs. Casy replied, as she softly dropped the rag into This operation was repeated nightly and, greatly to Casy's satisfaction, at the end of the week, Mrs. Casy pronounced the corn much diminished in size. It must have been entirely a case of faith-healing, if so, for not one vestige of the corn-killer had

touched Mrs. Casy's foot.

But if the corn were smaller, it had apparently not ceased to pain her. As time went on the look of suffering seemed to have imprinted itself on her face, and often she would lay down her work and wring her bands together in silence. The luxury of groaning was denied her. She still let her husband go with the little gril to fetch the work, and manifested no desire to accompany him. When he was away she would attend to her small household matters, and then it would appear she indulged herself, for she would often cry bitterly and aloud while she went about her duties. Her eyes grew still more sunken, her face had even less of fullness than before, and her skin became, if possible, tougher and more leathery. The blind man, meanwhile, was spared the pang of seeing the change in her, and was

as peaceful, as happy, and as contented as But one day, having been out in the rain, he caught a cold which settled on his chest, and though she wanted some more work, she would not let him go for it, but put on her shawl and took the old umbreila, which they fondly imagined was a protection from the rain, and went forth herself, taking the little shoes under her arm. And the old man sat at home by the fireside and awaited her return.

All the morning he waited, but she did net come; the fire went out, and the room grew chilly, and hunger beset him. And for the first time she was not there to minister to his wants, And the afternoon passed away and the dusk came, and though day and night were

the same to him, yet he knew that it grew late. And still she did not come, No one came near him. For little Bess. who would have done so, did not know Bess, though she was only eight years old, had to "mother" three young brothers, and did not have much spare time. She was

As time wore on Casy grew more and more restless and nneasy. He longed to go in search of his wife, but did not know how ing, and even realized that childleseness to set about it. And hisnervousness seemed might, in their circumstances, be a blessing to affect him bodily, for he was afraid to -the mother instinct was strong, and so it | walk across the room, though he did so often and often when she was there. He wanted some one to guide his steps, and once or twice he called for Bess in a voice that was too feeble to penetrate even beacross to his bed and lay there, feebly

as he muttered: "Henerietts-come-ob. where are you, Henerietta? At last, to his great joy, he heard the door opened, and with slow and faltering steps some one stumbled into the room. He

"Henerietta!" he cried, "is that you?"
"Yes," said a feeble voice, "it's me, "Ob," he said pathetically, "I thought you was never coming. I'm so tired of waitin'. Where are you Henerietta? Let me

Casy was in some things as yielding as a child; in others, unreasonably obstinate. When he got the idea that to wear her boots was bad for Mrs. Casy's corn, no argument on her part are it.

"Oh, Henerietta," he said. "what have you been a doin'? It's a growin' late, and I've wanted you. And I didn't know what might have happened. And I couldn't do nothink. And I'm so helpless without you. What have kep' you, Henerietta?"
She did not answer his question, but con-

tented herself with soothing and comforting him. His emotion shocked and hurt her for a reason beyond that which he knew, and she was very tender with him. "I'll tell you presently, my dearie," she said. "Let me get a light first and see to the fire. You're hungry, aren't you, and want your supper?"

"I don't want nothing but you. I'm about content now," he said. But he let her go. He was too tired and exhausted to Mrs. Casy lit the lamp. By its light the pallor and haggardness of her face were very noticeable, and it was apparent that average of man's life has increased 5 per her dress was torn and muddy. She dragged herself rather than walked between the table and the fire, busying herself with preparations for Casy's comfort.

was very weary. "You're dreadful tired, Henerietta, dear," "Yes, Thomas, I'm very tired," said Mrs. Casy, and it was an unusual admission for

He could tell from her footsteps that she

"I wish I could spare you, Henerietta. I'm nothing but a burden," said the old man. dolefully. "But, oh, I don't know what I should do without you!" Perhaps her weariness had made her irritable. Never had she spoken to him so crossly or sharply in her life as she did now.
"For heaven's sake, Thomas," she said, stamping her foot, "don't say that ag'in. I'm sick of hearin' it."

"Hener-ietta," he said, plaintively, "it's but 9,867,505. The average daily attendance because I-I love yer so-my dear. I didn't in 1890 was 8,144,938. For the support of mean to worrit you."
"Oh, God!" said Mrs. Casy with a great
sob. And she sank on to a chair and began rocking berself to and fro.

Casy listened for a minute in wonder and dismay. Then he slid off the bed and walked up to her. He got down on his kness by her side and fumbled for her hand. "You ain't angry with me, Henerietta!" "Angry, Thomas!" And the two old Truth. things, locked in one another's arms, mingled their tears.
"Tell me, Henerietts, tell me what is

a-troublin' you!" "Oh, 1 want to, Thomas. I've been wantin' to ever so long. And I must afore long. But it don't seem as if you could "Have you got to bear it too, my dearie?"

"Oh, yes, I've got to. I've had to this long while." "And you ain't never shared it. Hen-erietta, you ain't dealt fairly by me. Joys and sorrows, we said we'ld never keep'em from one another, and there ain't a thought of my heart as has been secret from you. In the Judmint day there couldn't be a question asked me but you'd be able to answer for me-what l've a-done, and said, and thought-and yet you've been a-keepin' somethin' back."

deed. But I'll tell you. I must, I must. And you'll be brave!" "Yes, I'll be brave, Henerletta," he said, quaveringly. "I've deceived you, Thomas, but I did it for the best. About that corn, now, Thomas-I never had no corn; I ain't had one

"I did it for the best, Thomas; I did in-

this ten years." "Wby, is that all?" he said with relief; "that ain't so bad after all. Why, bless me, you never had no corn? And the kifler now! You didn't really need no killer! But what made you go and pretend such a thing, Henerietta? And groans! Many's the time I've heerd you groan, and it have gone to my heart like a knife. I couldn't a-bear to see you suffer. What made you purtend, Henerietta? I don't blame yer, mind," he went on, smoothing her cheek. "But what made yer, Henerietta!"

Mrs. Casy clasped him convulsively to her. "Oh, I did it to spare you. Thomas." "To spare me—to spare me—Hen-er—ietta! It ain't-oh, don't tell me it's somethink worse.' She was silent.

"Henerietta," his voice came like a whis-

Then there was a long, long silence. And the fire leapt up merrily and shone on their old despairing faces, and on his sightless eyes which sought hers, and hers too full of tears to see him.

"It's that," she said at last, speaking slowly, and with long pauses. "It have been coming on by degrees, and sometimes it ain't been much and sometimes it ha' been cruel, the pain. And when it comes upon me sudden I couldn't help but groan. And the corn was an excuse. And when I'd said it, I stuck to it. And I didn't never use the killer. And it have got worse and worse-past bearin' at times. And to-day I walked a bit of the way and it was agony, and then I went farther-and I fell downand I tainted right away in the road."

"Henerietta, you're a-breakin' my heart." "And I was took to the hospital--" She paused and gathered him closer to her. "To the hospital-and they said I ought to stay there-and I wouldn't because of you-and I cried and went on till they let me come. The doctor he drove me himself, and he wanted to come in, but I wouldn't let him. I thought you'ld be afraid. Yes; I drove in a carridge for the fust time, Thomas, and it were that comfortable." She tried to be cheerful and divert his

thoughts; but he kept her to the point. "Well, Henerietta? And the doctor-said

"He told me, Thomas, as I couldn't get well. Oh," she burst into tears, "he says it's only a very little white-only a very little while, Thomas. And I don't mind a goin', for I suffer so; but what'll come to you? It's you I've been a-thinkin' on all the time, and when I come in this evenin' and see it all-no fire, and you so desolate, it seemed too much. I've wanted you to be happy all the time. And it'ld ha' been best, may the Lord forgive me, if you'd been took first."

The old man's face was as beautiful in its love and dignity as it was touching in its sorrow. "Henerietta, you've done it for the best," he said, "and I ain't worthy not to touch you; but don't go blamin' the Lord, my dear. He knows what He does. If I was to die you might get along, crippled-like, but He knows that when you go
I'll just die too. I couldn't live without
you. Oh, Henerietta," he sobbed, "we
didn't ought to grumble. Takin' one thing slong with another, we've had better times than most," Henerietta." -Cornhill Magazine.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Twelve average tea plants produce one pound of tea. The English clergy was at first very bitter against the fork, one man declaring that

its use was impious. The value of the honey and wax produced in the United States during the past year has been estimated at \$27,000,000. The British Museum, started in 1773, has now twenty-five miles of books and the largest collection of curiosities in the

The word "preface," used in the beginning of books, was originally a word of welcome to a meal and was equivalent to 'Much good may it do you." A Philadelphia preserving-works will ex-

bibit at the world's fair a map of the United States, 18x25 feet, made entirely of pickles, fruits, vegetables, etc. A costly pipe is that which the Shah of Persia smokes on state occasions. It is stated to be worth \$320,000, and is set with rubies, diamonds and emeralds.

cents for a day's wages in the city of Berlin. The day is eighteen hours long, with a half-holiday once in two weeks. King Henry I had an arm thirty-six inches long. That is why the English and American yard is its present length, a little fact which many students have learned

Street-car conductors receive only 624

and forgotten. In China the cobbler still goes from house to house, announcing his approach with a rattle, and taking up his abode with the family while he accomplishes the necessary making and mending. The salary of the Prince of Wales is \$200,-

If Mrs. Lease is elected Senator it is presumed that Mr. Lease will give up his 000 per year; Duke of Connaught, \$125,000; Wichita joint and prepare to enter actively AMUSEMENTS.

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